THE

Two Faithful Lovers.

To the Tune of, *Franklin is fled away*, &c.

Man.] FArewel my heart's delight,
Ladies adieu,
I must now take my flight,
what e'er ensue;
My Country-men I see,
They cannot yet agree;
Since 'twill no better be,
England farewel.

Maid.] O be not so unkind,
heart, love and joy,
To leave me here behind,
breeds my annoy:
O have a patient heart,
I'll help to bear the smart,
E'er I from thee will part,
my turtle dove.

M.] I'll leave thee gold good store,
thee to maintain;
What can'st thou wish for more?
do not complain:
Servants shall wait on thee,
I'll give thee jewels three,
That thou maist think on me
when I am gone.

M.] Your good I count but loss,
when you are fled,
Your absence is my loss,
'twill strike me dead;
Servants I will have none,
When you are from me gone,
I'd rather lye alone,
from company.

M.] I am resolv'd to go,
fortune to prove;
Advise me what to do,
my dearest love:
For here I will not bide,
What e'er doth me betide;
Heavens now be my guide,
and lead the way.

M.] Then let me go with you,
heart, love and joy;
I will attend on you,
and be your boy:
If you will go to sea,
I'll serve you night and day,
For here I will not stay,
if you go hence.

M.] The seas are dangerous,
strangers unkind,
The rocks are perillous,
so is the wind:
My care is all for thee,
As thou maist plainly see.
Dear heart go not with me,
but stay behind.

M.] Tho' seas do threaten death,
my heart's delight,
With thee I'll spend my breath,
nought shall affright:
With thee I'll live and dye,
In thy sweet company,
Though dangers shall be nigh,
both day and night.

In man's apparel now
to sea she went,
Because with him she'd be,
her heart's content;
She cut her lovely hair,
And no mistrust there were,
That she a maiden fair
was at that time.

To Venice they were bound
with full consent,
With sorrows compast round
away they went:
On an unhappy day
The ship was cast away,
Which wrought their lives decay,
friends discontent.

The ship being cast away,
fortune so frown'd,
He swam to land that day,
but she was drown'd:
Oh! his true love was drown'd,
And never after found,
And he encompast round
with grief and care.

O cruel seas (quoth he)
and rocks unkind,
To part my dear and me,
in love combin'd:
O cast her on this shore,
I may her death implore,
And mourn for evermore
until I dye.

You loyal lovers all
that hear this ditty,
Sigh and lament my fall,
let's move you to pitty:
She lies now in the deep,
In everlasting sleep,
And left me here to weep
in great distress.

Dear love, I come, quoth he,
heaven's me guide;
I long to be with thee
my only bride:
In Venice he did dye,
And there his corpse doth lye,
And left his friends to cry,
O Hone, O Hone

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